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Branching Off

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Chapter 1 by Jack Oatway

Beep. Beep. Beep. The sound was pulsing through bit by bit, it was taking it's toll. Every moment, memories gone. It was as if you were sinking through clouds slowly as they covered you up. This is how Jacob felt one winter's day.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka

He hadn't expected for the bikers to chain him to a post. He hadn't expected their firsts to fly at his heads from all sides, like fleshy snowflakes.

Most of all, he hadn't expected to die.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka

He could appreciate the winter a lot more, now that he was dead. Jacob wouldn't be the one who had to shovel it, or go to work in it. He could spend as long as he wanted to appreciating it. Still, the longer he stood in his backyard, the longer his mind would blank out. Wait, was this even his backyard?

Chapter 4 by Recreation

He looked around, confused, as snow fell through him mercilessly. Trying to grab a snowflake, he failed, and eventually gave up. He looked around pointlessly, trying to find out where he is. Nothing, his mind told him, nothing. He couldn't recall anything, anyone, even his loved ones.

How did I get in this situation? He asked himself.

The snow was still falling and he wasn't sure of what he should do.

"Hey boy!" a voice yells from behind him.

Jacob whirls around and sees an old man standing in the forest. He's wearing summer clothes and a large straw hat.

How is he standing out here in the cold like this? Jacob wondered.

Seeing the boy's confused look the man sighs and says.

"So, I see you're dead as well."

Jacob's eyes widened, "What do you mean?"

The old man's cold eyes looked at him and he said,"You are dead."

Jacob backed away from the man, panic rising inside of him.

"No, no I can't be."

The old man glared at him,"I'll just have to prove it to you."

The man brandished his right hand and Jacob went flying.

Right into the nearly frozen lake.

Jacob could hear the old man's voice in his mind as he crashed into the water.

"You are dead."

Chapter 6 by Business Wolf

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Chapter 7 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler   ✏

Wait. Aliens? Hold it.

He phased right through the Terranauts (Terranauts? Why would Earth be unknown territory?) to have a look at the ALIENS that had just appeared and were having the absolute crap blasted out of them.

"You are dead. This? This right here? I could not have flicked you *literally* into the next century if you were not dead. Welcome to Limbo."

"I knew this already. Why does it strike me now?'

"Ah. Nooblets to death don't yet have a way of getting around the fact that they don't have brains anymore."

"So how do I do that."

"You learn. All over again. The ectoplasma has information storage of its own, but your old memories are gone. Rip and pepperoni."

"Also, you have some age under your belt, but you talk like a 20-30 year old gamer."

"You noticed. I was one of those, and I lived a long and happy life-- I think-- until I died. Car crash. I now reside in this era."

"So, I can go anytime I want to?"

"Anytime. Just not to Up or Down. That gets decided when humanity is gone. You can't skip there, in fact, the closest you can get is the beginning of the Galasphere."

"Galasphere?"

"You'll see. Also, your name. Can you remember it?"

He tried. "No."

"Make a new one. Typical convention is to name yourself by your death, like me, Crash 2040-12-09 23:30." With that, the old man left.

"Kemeo. I don't think numbers are my style."

What's this about a Galasphere?

Kemeo unnecessarily dodged a blast from a Terranaut behind him.

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